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spirit of patriotism and general philanthropy, which are the attributes of every sound and well-regulated mind, were unquestionably his. He was not free from some domestic peculiarities of character, arising partly from delicacy of constitution, and partly from a retired and contemplative habit of life. His manners, at the same time, were those of a perfect gentleman—easy, courteous, and obliging: his conversation, polite, entertaining, and instructive, of which his lettered friends, for the enjoyment of whose company he generally set apart two hours every evening at his house in Rutland-square, had ample experience. He was altogether an honour to Ireland; where, with regard to universality of acquirements, and depth in so many distinct departments, he has not left his equal behind him. He was no great discoverer, and was inferior to some other philosophers of his time in particular branches of science, to which their time and talents were almost exclusively devoted. It is, however, indisputable, that among his scientific contemporaries and even successors, he has been equalled only by few, and scarcely surpassed by any in the wide circle of general knowledge, except, perhaps, by a Humboldt or a Cuvier. The following sentence, taken from Quintilian's encomiums on the learning of some of the sages of Greece and Rome, is, with a slight alteration, completely applicable to our illustrious author—*"Quæ tandem ars digna literis Platoni defuit?"* We may well say—*"Quæ tandem ars digna philosophiæ et literis Kirwano defuit?"*

SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING A RESIDENCE NEAR THE BLACKWATER.

'Twas evening, and gray shadows mantled o'er
 The eastern sky—the loud voiced wind was still,
 The wave, like sheeted silver met the shore,
 The distant lighter neared the winding mill,
 And many an echo answered, from the hill,
 The boatman's chaunt—as, pausing on his oar,
 (Feeling what joys the poor man's bosom fill,
 When toil is past, and home and rest before;
 He gaily sang his homeward ditty shrill.
 I gazed upon thy waters, Avonmore,
 And albeit then my bosom thoughts were chill,
 Darkened by many a broken hope—and wore
 The colouring that my fate had stamped them—still
 Like a soft dream thy scenes did thro' my spirit thrill!

C.

THE OUTCAST.

"Rage on ye winds—burst, clouds—and waters roar!
 Ye bear a just resemblance to my fortune,
 And suit the gloomy habit of my soul."—YOUNG,

It was sometime after the memorable defeat of the rebels at Vinegar-hill, that a vessel left the harbour of Cork, bound for one of the American ports. Its deck was crowded with persons of the lower order of peasantry, all gazing mournfully on the fast receding coast; some leaving their country from political causes, others to seek on a foreign shore, peace, and the means of subsistence—blessings which were denied them at home. By one alone of all that throng, was the dim and fading outline of the distant hills disregarded—a tall and muscular man, about

forty years of age. Moody and lowering he stood on the quarter-deck, which was occupied only by him, and a youth who leant over the stern. His hat was drawn over his brows, and, together with the high cape of his mantle, almost concealed from observation his haughty and commanding features. But an observer would not have failed to detect in the fiery glance of his dark eye, and in the contemptuous curl of the lip, the unerring indication of a haughty mind, of a fearless and aspiring soul, whose desires are insatiable, and whose ambition is unbounded. But the gloom of discontent sat upon his brow, and disappointed hope had wrought his features into a grim and settled frown, which grew sterner as he inly mused on the remembrance of his ambition blasted, his counsels rejected, and things darker still and more fearful than those, the knowledge of which lay buried in the recesses of his own bosom. Among so many he seemed alone; his very name was a mystery to all except his companion. At night, and attended but by that youth, he came among them, and with none but him did he converse.

Henry Fitz Walter, the name by which his companion was known, although he could not yet have seen his nineteenth summer, was tall and eminently graceful. His features, though embrowned by fatigue and exposure, were noble and prepossessing, and a smile of good humour hovered about his lips; but early grief and misfortune had thrown a shade of seriousness over his brow, more than might well besem one of his years. Sorrowfully did he gaze on the distant mountains of his native country, which he might never see more. Gradually they were lost, and on all sides lay the broad and mighty expanse of the Atlantic. With a sigh after the land of his birth, the young man turned to his moody companion—

“Well, Sir, we are at length in safety, and the land of freedom is before us.”

“Safety!” exclaimed the person addressed, startled from his musing, “Safety! say you?—ay, boy, (with a stern smile,) such safety as the frail planks of this crazy vessel will afford, when the billows are dashed against them by the force of a powerful tempest.”

“Tempest! there is no great indication of that at present,” repeated the youth in astonishment. “The sky is clear; the sun has set brilliantly; even the gentle breeze by which we have left the harbour, has almost ceased; all things seem to promise a calm—yet you speak of a tempest, as if the vessel were already tossing on the waves.”

“Mark me, young man,” said his companion; “in the course of my wanderings over the earth, I have gained some little knowledge in the signs and presages of the elements; and believe me, when I tell thee, that in six hours hence, this vessel on which we stand, if not buried ere then in the ocean, will be drifting wildly to her destruction, before a powerful south-east wind.”

So saying, he strode down the cabin, leaving Fitz Walter gazing after him in astonishment. “Mortimer!—strange, mysterious Mortimer!” were the first words which escaped from the youth; “in all thy acts, in all thy words, fearfully inexplicable.” And he paced the deck thoughtfully till the dusk of the evening had given place to the dim and imperfect light of a clouded moon.

From his reverie he was first disturbed by a bustling movement on the deck below him. Raising his eyes at the interruption, he was startled to observe that the appearance of the elements had undergone a total change. Mortimer’s strange prediction seemed already in part fulfilled. Heavy and dense masses of vapour were driving across the sky,

before a strong gale which had sprung up from the south east ; and the partial beams of the obscured moon, as they fell at intervals, through the drifting clouds, on the agitated waters, showed the billows like monsters raging for their prey, heaving violently against the groaning planks of the vessel, which seemed to shudder through every timber at each successive shock. A glance at the interior of the vessel showed that the crew were on the alert, and fully aware of the necessity of exertion to meet the approaching danger. The rigging was crowded with sailors clewing up the canvass, with a rapidity that astonished Fitz Walter, who now, for the first time, saw preparations making to buffet with the power of a stormy sea.

Conspicuous on the deck, from his pompous strut and erect carriage, (by which he strove to make up for his deficiency in height) the youth observed Adam Berwick, the owner and captain (as he was called) of the vessel. The authoritative wave of his hand, and the firmness of his step, as he paced the deck, proclaimed a degree of coolness and fearlessness of danger which the ashen hue of his cheeks, and the quivering of his pallid lips denied. The fact was, that his experience in nautical matters had been hitherto confined to occasional excursions from one part of the coast to another ; and as the period of his departure had been usually chosen when the aspect of the weather promised most favourably, he had rarely, if ever, seen the ocean agitated so as to threaten any serious danger. While preparing for one of those excursions, he was privately informed, that if he would undertake to convey to America two persons who had been leaders in the late rebellion, he would receive as compensation a large sum of money in hand, and a still greater sum when his vessel should have attained its destination. Dazzled by the display of the gold, and forgetful of the uncertain chances of the weather, (or, if he remembered, confident in the strength and staunchness of his favourite "*Fortune*,") he closed the offer. But his confidence vanished with the sight of the land, and he was already beginning to feel considerable apprehensions, though, like a prudent commander, he strove to conceal them, when he heard himself addressed by Fitz Walter from the quarter-deck.

"Will the *Fortune* be able, think you, Captain, to weather out such a night as this ?"

"Weather !" repeated the little commander, with a look of pretended astonishment, "she thinks nothing of such a baby's squall as this.—Aloft, there !" he shouted, as Fitz Walter turned again to survey the progress of the storm—"Clew up every rag over the main fore-sheet."

The gale was now increasing rapidly. It roared and whistled through the cordage, and the only sheet of canvass which remained was swelled to its utmost tension. The masts groaned and bent before the might of the tempest. The lightning flashed from the dense overcharged clouds, and revealed by its lurid and fitful glare, the wide and dark expanse of the ocean, dashing madly before the blast, its mountain billows crested with foam, threatening every moment to engulf the vessel and her wretched crew. Fitz Walter beheld the commotion of the waters with a strange and indefinable mixture of awe and admiration. For the first time he stood separated but by a plank from the raging surface of the trackless and fathomless ocean. For the first time he beheld, in all its terrific sublimity, the mighty and tremendous conflict of the powers of heaven and earth, guided and directed by the hand of the Deity. For the first time he observed into what utter insignificance dwindles the mightiest tumult caused by mortal man, when compared with the

gloomy grandeur of the wild warfare of the elements—the creation of Omnipotence. A slight noise startled him ; he turned from the contemplation, and Mortimer was standing beside him. His dark countenance wore a grim smile of exultation as he said—“ Well, Henry, have I any skill, think you ? ”

“ How awful !—how sublime ! ” cried Fitz Walter, heedless of the question.

“ Sublime ! ” repeated his strange companion ; “ to see the storm in the climax of its fury, and to feel that existence depends upon its being grappled with by the energies of one’s self. Henry, hast thou felt such pleasure in the charge of the cavalry, or in the rush of the hosts, as in the dashing of the billows, the surge foaming over the vessel, and the pealing of the thunder ? ”

“ I must confess,” replied Henry, “ that my sensations were not altogether of a pleasurable nature in either situations. In the battle field, the spirit-stirring notes of the trumpet, the glitter of the banners and the arms, and the roar of the artillery, will excite, even in the faintest heart, the maddening desire of glory, but it leaves no trace of pleasure behind. Nor in contemplating this raging tumult of the waters, does my mind feel any sensations, save those of awful admiration and wonder.”

“ Those feelings will be presently increased,” said Mortimer. “ Dost thou see yonder mast bending like a willow branch ? On that slender spar depend our hopes of safety ; if not chopped off over the main mast, before five minutes it will snap across the centre, and human might could not then manage the vessel. Hallo, there ! ” he shouted, in his full, commanding voice, distinctly audible amid the roar of the storm—“ Up some one and chop off the main mast, or we are lost.”

The sailors, to a man, started at the word, cast fearful glances upward at the bending mast, but hesitated to obey the mandate of the stranger. And Adam Berwick, who, notwithstanding the danger, would as soon have consented to the amputation of one of his own limbs as to the dismemberment of his vessel, stoutly refused.

“ Ay,” muttered Mortimer, with a frown, “ even as I expected. Henry, you may remember my advice to the council of the leaders before the last unfortunate engagement. Had it been adopted, the English government would not have held such undisputed possession of Ireland as they now do. It was scoffed at, and rejected by the infatuated fools who held the places of leaders ; yet those very men, when their own shallowness and incapacity had rendered their affairs desperate, meanly offered the command, nay, pressed it on *me*, whom they had before spurned in their ignorance. I despised it, wrung as it was from them by necessity ; and they are now wandering amid the mountains and marshes of Ireland, or awaiting a disgraceful death in the prisons of the king.”

“ Hark ! the mast is already snapping,” cried Fitz Walter, suddenly, as his sharp ear caught the sound.

“ And let it crash to its base,” said his companion. “ The dolt, like the other fools, will see, too late, he should not have despised the danger which one more experienced had perceived. A horrid circumstance in early life,” and as he spoke a strong internal shudder shook his iron frame, “ embittered my existence and soured my heart, and it seems as though I am cursed, that my counsels are scoffed at and disregarded. Ha !—again ! (the creaking sound was at this moment distinctly heard)—one minute more, and it is down ! ”

The danger was now apparent to all ; but none seemed to have the

hardihood to attempt the only means by which the quivering mast might be cut with safety to the vessel. The sailors stood aghast ; the magnitude of the danger seemed to appal even the stoutest. The haughty curl on Mortimer's lip told how much he despised them. His cloak thrown aside, his fine Roman figure, which seemed to dilate with a lofty pride at encountering what none else dared, might well seem fitted for his hazardous task. He turned to take an axe from the hand of Fitz Walter, but the youth was gone.

At once the truth flashed upon his mind ; he cast his eyes upwards, and beheld, faintly, through the mist and spray, the intrepid youth ascending the rigging. He gained the point of elevation from which the mast was to be cut, and grasping with his left hand part of the cordage to which he might cling when the mast was severed, he struck the straining spar a blow ; it bent heavily downwards, and a second blow cut it through. A mighty wave now struck the vessel's side ; it yielded to its force. The remaining part of the mast almost touched the ocean, and the severed spar, with the rigging and canvass attached, was borne on the tops of the billows out of sight. With feelings of the most intense interest, Mortimer watched for the figure of Fitz Walter. There was a moment of fearful suspense, and Henry was observed, by the gleam of the lightning which seemed to play round his figure, slowly descending by a rope. A minute more, and a loud shout from the sailors testified that he stood safely on deck. The vessel now drifted lightly before the blast : the fury of the storm seemed somewhat to abate, and ultimate safety was not altogether hopeless.

Mortimer, with a degree of pleasure on his countenance which his stern features rarely exhibited, advanced towards the high-spirited youth, and shook him warmly by the hand. " Henry, you have won my heart ; you almost persuade me not to hate and despise utterly the rest of my race. We have been long strangers to the secrets of each other's life. You have borne with my unkindness ; and, in learning what has long been hidden in this bosom only, you may estimate the cause of my dark and bitter feelings."

" The bitter remembrance, whether of crime or misfortune, is lightened," said Fitz Walter, as Mortimer led him apart on the quarter deck, " when the knowledge is participated by a friend, whose sole wish is to afford consolation."

" Hark you, Henry," said Mortimer, and his brow darkened. " Think not it is because I am unable to bear the load of mine own crimes and woes, that I disclose to you the history of a bitter existence."

" Sir Herbert Mortimer," replied the youth, proudly—" your confidence has been unsought by me. During the intercourse which has existed between us, amidst the uncertain chances of a struggle for liberty, I have forbore mentioning the short but obscure history of my life, as I have refrained from inquiring into the causes of your behaviour, however strange it may, at any time, have appeared ; nor do I now press any unwilling confidence."

" Henry, I know it," replied Mortimer, softened ; " but you have shown a fearless and undaunted spirit which has won my admiration. Your mind is stored with the wisdom of riper years, and you are the only human being whom I do not despise. Hold fast by that rope, and the sole and sufficient cause of all those sudden starts of passion—that gloomy recklessness of every thing human—that contempt of existence which thou hast remarked—all shall be explained."

" I was the only son of Sir John Mortimer, the owner of an extensive

estate in one of the finest counties in Ireland. From my infancy I was the darling of my father, whose fierce and indomitable pride descended to me in all its force. Even during my boyhood the strong passions of my nature broke forth with a violence which astonished all but him, who recognised in the haughty-spirited and ambitious boy, the exact counterpart of himself. My character became still more decided as I grew up, and at nineteen I was the proud but ardent votary of ambition. I entered the army. An utter fearlessness of danger; a knowledge at once extensive and minute of the science of war, and above all, interest with the government, obtained for me, after a service of somewhat less than five years, the command of a regiment. But had the truncheon of commander-in-chief of the British army, instead of a colonelcy, been laid at my feet, it would not have satisfied my insatiable desires.

"It was about this time that, at a ball in Dublin, I met a lady—the gentlest, the most beautiful, the most ill-fated of beings. Hitherto the beauty of woman had no attractions for me. The creatures of fashion and frippery whom I had before met only excited a feeling of contempt. But Ellen Wilmot—oh! how different! The unsullied snow was not more pure than the most secret emotions of her soul; and her open and ingenuous countenance confessed the truth and sincerity of her heart. The beautiful and tasteful simplicity of her attire first attracted me. In the course of the evening I sat by her; and the winning gentleness of her manner charmed me. I gazed rapturously on her beauty; I hung entranced on the slightest accents to which her lips gave utterance. My soul drank in the deep and intoxicating draught of admiration, and ere we parted, her image was engraven on my heart, never to be effaced. I returned to my quarters; but, in the silence of my chamber, thoughts forced themselves into my mind, which the ardour of my passion had before prevented me from entertaining. I knew that Ellen's father was poor, or at least comparatively so; I knew full well the temper in which my own haughty parent would receive the intelligence, that his son—the only representative of the noble family of Mortimer—meditated a connexion with the daughter of a gentleman whose name and fortune were alike removed from greatness. True, I was myself independent, and therefore might have been careless of the consequences of my father's displeasure, as far as regarded pecuniary matters; but I had always looked up to him with a degree of reverence and awe, and, in fact, loved him as well as one man could be supposed to love another—all the energies of whose soul were concentrated in the pursuit of ambition.

"Thus did I hesitate to run headlong on a measure which I was aware would put an end to all intercourse between us. I was convinced that such a step would transfer all the opulence and splendour of my family to a distant branch; but I felt, on the other hand, that the pre-eminence and renown which I had so ardently thirsted for, must, if ever, be achieved solely by my own exertions—solely my own! There was glory in the thought. The wide career of ambition would be before me, and I would be thrown entirely on my own resources—on my skill, as a commander, and on my sword. The suggestions of interest vanished before the ardour of my soul—before the proud confidence in self; and the madness of passion resumed uncontrolled sway over me.

"I saw Ellen the following night. I hovered round her graceful figure as she moved through the ball-room, unconsciously exciting admiration from all. Every syllable she uttered, fell like a note of delicious music on my ear. In the course of the evening she was requested to play; and a harp, her favourite instrument, was brought her. A few wild, but

harmonious notes were the prelude to a simple national melody, which she accompanied with her voice. The air, low at first, and sweetly modulated, swelled to a strain of the most soul-touching pathos. Henry, you have seen me in the din and tumult of battle, and I have not quailed, yet, at that moment, a child might have swayed my motions—a finger would have been as powerful as the hand of a giant. My whole soul was melted into tenderness. As her fingers ran over the chords, and as she poured out the full tide of harmony, every fine feeling of my nature was called forth. I hung over her in a transport of delight; and will you, who think this heart of sterner stuff than to be melted by a woman's voice, believe it—a tear—a tear of rapture forced its way down my cheek, and it fell on the hand of her who brought it forth. She looked up, and I saw that her own mild blue eyes were suffused with the watery gems, which the sorrows she chaunted, had excited. But why should I dwell on those moments of happiness—happiness, fated so soon to be destroyed. Ere three days had elapsed, I had prevailed on Ellen to consent to our union; and in the darkness of night, and with but an old and faithful servant as a witness, the ceremony was performed. Well do I recollect that evening, as I conveyed her back to her father's house, which she had privately left. It was such a night as this, dark and terrible, and, as it were, indicative of our future fortunes. As the rain dashed around us, and the wind moaned through the deserted streets, Ellen wept. I knew that it was the consciousness of having deceived a beloved and affectionate father that had caused her tears. Kissing them away, and pressing her wildly to my heart, we parted.

The sequel of my life is short but terrible, and as I feel that this night must close the detested existence of one who has been an outcast among men, I am anxious that you, Henry, if you escape its horrors, should know that though my crimes might be black as night, I carried a blacker hell in my own bosom. I clasped to my breast the canker worm which had consumed my existence, not less certainly because it was unseen.

“For some time our marriage was kept concealed, but it could not continue long so; and the consequences were such as we had expected. Her father disclaimed her, and to me she clung as a protector with all the fondness of devoted affection. But notwithstanding the ardour and intensity of her love, the remembrance of her father, abandoned in his old age, would at times break in on her reflections, and disturb the harmony of our happiest moments. The feeling was rendered still more bitter by the recollection that he, her only remaining parent, had now no child whose affection might soothe his moments of unhappiness, and whose tender care might prop his declining years.

“Of all Mr. Wilmot's children, (for he had many) two only had passed the age of childhood—Ellen, and Henry—a high spirited youth, whose early predilection for a military life had been a continual source of displeasure to his father, which predilection ended in the acceptance of a commission in a regiment of dragoons, and the complete alienation of his father's affection: and Ellen, his last, his beloved, had now abandoned him.

“My own father, on hearing of our union, had, as I understood, sworn never to speak to me again; and in the height of his rage had made a will, leaving the entire of his estate, except a very small part which should descend to me with his title, to a grand-nephew, the descendant of a branch of the family which he had not till then deigned to take notice of. I inherited too much of his own haughtiness to

sue for a reconciliation. The bitter reflection, however, to which these results gave rise, were gradually dissipated; and our affections, drawn from every other object, became concentrated wholly in each other; and to fill up the measure of my bliss, Ellen presented me with the first happy pledge of our mutual affection—a lovely and blooming boy—the image of his sainted mother. Three months—three little months of perfect happiness, elapsed from that period, and the boy increased in health and strength. But like the beautiful, but treacherous calm which deceived thee, Henry, this night, it was followed by that, at the recollection of which, even now, every nerve of this frame quivers with horror, and every drop of the life stream which has flowed madly and guiltily through those veins, curdles and freezes into coldness like death.

“One evening, after transacting some business connected with my regiment, I returned home with deeply embittered feelings. It was summer; the sun was setting in all the striking splendour of mingled cloud and glory, and a gentle breeze shed a cooling balm through the atmosphere; and every one except myself seemed to feel its delicious influence. I alone, dark and discontented, strode along, envying the happiness I could not enjoy. I had just heard of the promotion of a junior officer to a station which I had long wished for, as a certain step to still higher preferment: and gloomy thoughts of anger and ambition rushed thickly on my mind. I felt that the situation which I had thirsted for, was lost through my marriage with Ellen—that her affection and soft endearments had weaned me, for a time, from pursuits more lofty, and more fitted to my temper, than the effeminate delights of love; and like a wayward and passionate fool, I found fault with that affection which had poured balm upon my spirit, and for which I would, a short time since, have given up every other hope. In such a state of mind I entered the house. The old servant, who was the only witness of our marriage, and who had since remained with us, admitted me. To my question where his mistress was, he hesitated, as if to communicate some intelligence. Naturally rash, his delay at that moment maddened me. ‘Where, dotard?’ I shouted, shaking him violently. He trembled with apprehension, and gasped out, ‘in the garden.’

“Without waiting for further explanation, I rushed through the hall. Vague and undefined suspicions started in my mind as I made my way to the garden. A fearful presentiment of evil hung over me, as with a cautious step I entered the little square; walking towards the far end, I saw Ellen. If at that moment all the demons in hell had been leagued to destroy me, my ruin could not have been achieved more triumphantly. Every drop of my proud and fiery blood rushed tumultuously to my face, as I observed a young man, in a military undress, by her side, his arm familiarly encircling her waist; and Ellen—oh could my eyes deceive me! her head was reclining affectionately on his shoulder, and in her arms she held her child, smiling and playing with the ringlets which shaded his mother’s face. Oh, could it be possible—was Ellen false?—was that lovely one, for whom I would have died, deceitful? Their backs were turned towards me, and I could not observe the countenances of either. I had half-drawn my weapon, and was advancing noiselessly to confront them, when I heard Ellen utter something in a low voice, and the young officer fondly pressed her to his bosom. I could bear no more—my blood boiled with passion—my brain burned almost to madness. Raging like a lion, I shouted—bounding forward with my extended sword, ‘Turn traitress—deceiving traitress!’ A wild shriek

of terrified surprise burst from her, but it was the last sound which escaped her lips—the instrument of death passing through the child, was buried in her bosom. She fell at my feet, a lifeless and bloody corpse. Foaming with madness, and with my sword dripping with the life blood of Ellen, I rushed on the officer with the ferocity of a tiger. ‘Stand off, ruffian,’ he cried, unsheathing his weapon—‘monster, what have you done?’ But no words could stay my rage, and his defence availed him not. A cry outside the garden, called on me to cease; but my sword had already reached the heart of my antagonist. At this moment, the old servant rushed towards me. The sight of the dead bodies almost paralysed him with terror—his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

“Gracious heaven, Sir,” he exclaimed, awe-struck, ‘what have you done?—oh! my poor mistress, and captain Henry: oh! Sir, what did the poor mistress, or her BROTHER do, that they should lie there, cold and bloody, and by your own sword?’

“All was now explained with horrible distinctness. As if stricken by a thunderbolt, I stood pale and ghastly—a fearful feeling of desolation fell with an icy chill upon my soul—a horrid stunning sense of crime, too black and deadly to be forgiven—cold dew started on my forehead—I felt a stifling sensation arise in my throat, and rushing madly and wildly from the house, I wandered, reckless of my destiny, towards the river. There was a vessel weighing anchor; I sprang on board, careless of its destination—anxious alone to be separated as far as possible from the scene of my crime. For nearly seventeen years, I wandered over the continent of America, and passed through the kingdoms of Europe, amid wars, battles, and revolutions, unfriended and unknown. Desolate and gloomy, I returned to Ireland, to witness that struggle for freedom, in which both you and I have borne our parts, and during which, you first became known to me. I found that my father was long since dead, and that I had been proclaimed a felon and a murderer. On my arrival, I sought for that house which, seventeen years before, I had fled from, a criminal of the darkest die; but of the old servant, Walter Brown, I could learn nothing.

“Walter Brown!—Walter Brown! say you,” cried Henry, in amazement.

“That was the name,” replied Mortimer, gazing earnestly upon his companion.

“That old man was my earliest protector,” replied Henry, “and from him I assumed the name of Fitz Walter, and I am—I feel I must be the child your sword wounded, but did not kill, on the bosom of that most unfortunate being;”—as he spoke, he bared his shoulder, and showed on it the mark of a sabre scar; at the same time, drawing from his breast a small golden chain, with a heart of pearl attached to it, which he said he had kept from his infancy.

Mortimer gazed on him for a moment with a glance of incredulous surprise; but the relic, which he well knew as a bridal gift to Ellen, and which had usually hung round the neck of her infant, was an evidence which went home to his heart, and he fell on Henry’s neck, and wept like a child, while his high-spirited son pressed him to his heart with a feeling of mingled sorrow and affection.

The storm again increased, and wildly did the vessel dash along—now riding buoyantly on the top of the frothy wave—now sinking heavily into the yawning gulf: peal after peal of thunder rattled from the clouds, and the lightnings flashing through the dark air, rendered still

more ghastly, the haggard features of Mortimer, as he gazed upon his son.

"Water in the hold!" shouted a man from below, at this moment, and the intelligence was presently confirmed by several of the crew, who with horror-stricken countenances, rushed upon deck. Mortimer started up at the cry, and assuming his usual cold and haughty demeanour, descended from the quarter deck, followed by Henry. The little captain's prudence had altogether forsaken him at this last danger, and he sat crouched in a corner of his cabin, utterly incapable of either exertion or command. Mortimer at once saw that the only chance of saving the vessel depended on the order which would be maintained by the men. "Silence," he cried, firmly and sternly, "and every man to the pumps."

They were quickly produced, and worked with that energy which imminent peril alone can communicate. Rapidly the water poured out before the powerful effort of the crew, and for some time it seemed to decrease in the hold; but scarcely was their partial success perceivable, when a terrific sea broke over the vessel, and carried off the main-mast, and the only remaining sheet of canvass. The dismasted hull rolled and worked heavily under the surge, groaning through every plank, and again rose with difficulty over the waves. But the billow which had carried off the mast, the principal dependance for safety, seemed to have consummated the ruin; for ere the ship had righted, the roaring and bubbling of the waters below told them that they had sprung a second leak. The men, as if paralyzed, simultaneously ceased, and the eyes of all turned in silent prayer to heaven—the chill pang of despair had fallen heavily on their hearts. To launch the long-boat was impossible, in consequence of the mast and pulleys being carried off; and with the bitter recklessness of despair, the men prepared to loose from their fastenings, the two smaller boats, which being launched, Mortimer and Henry were called on to enter with the others. A loose rope held the boats to the ship; and as the billows struck the yielding vessel, they were dashed from it to the extent of the rope, so as to render it both difficult and dangerous to descend. The thunder now roared in one continuous peal; the lightnings flashed and quivered round the shattered masts, scarcely above the heads of the crew, and the wind howled dismally through the torn cordage—a melancholy omen of the probable fate of the adventurers. Six had already descended: Henry grasping a chain which lay across the ship's side, was about to jump into the boat; Mortimer stood behind him—and his eyes were suddenly dazzled with an intense brilliancy, which vanished in a moment. He felt a burning sensation in his face and person. He looked up; but it was only to receive in his arms, the scorched and blackened corpse of his long-lost—his recovered son! A cry of horror burst from the crew; but Mortimer, with a brow which seemed to have been turned into stone, gazed with unmeaning stare on the dead body of him who escaped his father's sword but to fall lifeless into his arms, blasted by the lightning's stroke.

Low murmuring sounds escaped from the lips of the now bereft father. "And art thou gone, my beautiful—my brave—my only one?—son of my murdered Ellen, was it to curse thy wretched father, thou wert restored, but to be snatched from my withered heart—to add bitterness to my cup of misery?—Fate thou hast done thy worst—I defy thee!"

"Come Sir," cried a sailor, "the boat cannot wait—our lives depend

on it; she will go to pieces against the ship's side, if not loosed." But his words fell without effect on the ear of Mortimer—hagard and wild, he stood, still looking on the body. The ropes were cut, and the boats swept away far from his view.

The deserted vessel now rocked and heaved frightfully—moaning sounds arose from the straining planks, like the wails of some huge monster in its last agony. The hold was fast filling with the watery element, and the prow sunk deeper in each successive surge, which rolled over the deck; but Mortimer, like some tall statue of antiquity, pale, upright, and motionless, and gazing fixedly on the burned features of the unfortunate Henry, was unconscious of all around him. A tremendous surge now breaking over the wreck, it seemed half immersed in the ocean, when the largest boat, which had been upset on parting from the vessel, was dashed against its side. A terrific crash told that the work of destruction was complete; the plank was driven in, and the waves rushed through the breach. The vessel sunk slowly under the water, and a mountain billow bursting on the overwhelmed prow, foamed and bubbled over the buried hulk of the "Fortune." But loud above the roar of the storm, rose a cry—a wild, maddening, maniac cry: it was the drowning shriek of that guilty father—of him, who, with the scorched and blasted remains of his child in his last stiffening embrace, sunk under the wave—a stranger among men—a murderer, and an outcast!

J. M. L.

THE INDIAN CHIEF*—A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

The warrior rose,
And loudly shouted forth the words of rage;
A lurid glance shot from his rolling eye,
He stretched toward heaven his strongly-clenched hands,
And strained as though he fain would climb the skies:
He seemed to wonder that no answering voice
Thundered from out the clouds. With fiery tongue,
And lips all parched, he broke the moody silence,
Which, like the sullenness of anger, reigned
Over his desolate scene, where flames and smoke
Rose in thick volumes ever and anon;
And outcast corpses, miserably flung
In murdered heaps, lay stretched around.
No voice to greet him, from the chase return'd;
No hand to aid him in his deadly sports.
At length, in very weakness, racked with pain
And utter grief, he nears the fatal spot,
To scan the mischief wreaked upon his house.
With glowing eyeballs, on the threshold black,
The sole survivor of his house, he stood.

The carnival of death was spread before him;
Horror sat grinning in her gory robe;
The foul, deep, dreadfulness of murder rose
Ghastly and drearily upon his sight;
And as he looked, a difficult smile illumed,
With its quick light, his darkly-writhing features.
Then, one by one, he raised each helpless load
Of past humanity—and, with a groan,
Dropp'd it, like stinging serpent, from his grasp.

* The warrior is supposed to return after the destruction of his household by some hostile tribe. The lines are an attempt to describe his feelings